

COPS SWARMED ABOUT TOM LEE

NO ONE MADE \$1000 BY KILLING HIM ON CHINESE HOLIDAY.

Most Streets' Silk Robed New Year's Callers Meandered Among Streets—Just to Catch Fires, Says Kear—Open House in All the Tongue-Old Flavored Feasts.

Tom Lee, Mayor of Chinatown, should be a proud and happy Chinaman, even if the Hip Sing highlanders are trying to puncture his omphalos with 44 calibre bullets. It isn't every Chinaman who can be watched over all day by twelve ordinary policemen, five Central Office detectives, two patrol detectives, six newspaper photographers, four hygienists and half the reporters in Greater New York. That was the routine of Tom Lee all day yesterday, which was the beginning of the Chinese New Year. And all because Lee Moy, Tom's private secretary, told the court that Tom's assassination was set for New Year's Day.

There is a price on Tom Lee's head, all right. Since the last fatal death of Huie Fong, a Hip Sing man, which was brought off last Tuesday morning, the Hip Sing worms have turned, regardless of their connection with the Parkhurst society. They have put prices on the heads of Tom Lee, who is the most prominent man in the On Leong faction, and of two of his mates. But Tom Lee is the biggest plow. So he is rated at a thousand dollars in cool cash, with enough clear testimony thrown in to make the murderer. Lee Moy dropped that information in the Tombs court on Wednesday during the preliminary examination of Yee Lee, who was the only man caught in the neighborhood after Huie Fong's murder. Lee Moy added that the killing was likely to come off on Chinese New Year's Day. That struck Chinese experts as a little strange, seeing that New Year's among the Chinese is supposed to be a kind of Truce of God, when all wars are called off.

At any rate, when the dawn of yesterday broke over Chinatown, three cops ranged themselves in front of Tom Lee's door, at 16 West Street. A few minutes later, two gentlemen with police faces, but disguised in actually poor clothes, disposed themselves across the street close by the entrance at 17, where Huie Fong was killed. Another gentleman of similar appearance crossed West Street, made a sign to the police, who ostentatiously failed to notice him, and walked up to Tom Lee's apartment. Then Tom Lee was permitted to get up, dress himself in the long ceremonial robes and the red buttoned cap of a Chinese gentleman and prepare to receive calls.

About that time young men with cameras and extra plates in suit cases arrived on the scene ready to illustrate the details of the slaughter for the 4000th edition of the New York Herald. As Tom Lee did not appear, they photographed the front of his house and the police guard and the dark alley where the murder might occur and a typical highlander in a fur cap who might commit the murder, and would do as well as any other, and the headquarters of the On Leong Tong. But Tom Lee refused to come out and be photographed. He isn't afraid of Hip Sing bullets, but he draws the line at cameras.

About 1 o'clock the afternoon paper photographers withdrew. Tom Lee chose that moment to make a move to the On Leong headquarters next door, and pay his respects to the ancient and honorable fess of the Tong. He did his religious duty, got back long before the morning paper photographers arrived and spent the rest of the day in seclusion.

Chinatown was covered by cops at every point. Merchants, laundrymen and coolies, going back and forth on the round of New Year calls, thronged through a maze of cops. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon an Italian woman on the third floor of a tenement on West Street cleaned neckties with gasoline, and with the usual result. The fire was put out with a bucket of water, but it made some noise. Five cops rushed upstairs to find whether an alarm should be turned in, while four others attended to the crowd on the street.

"Protection for Tom Lee," said Capt. Kear of the Elizabeth street station. "Oh, no! The men are in Chinatown watching for fires, that's all."

The Tom Lee incident did not stop the peaceful course of the Chinese New Year's day. Every little shop had its altar, with pink sticks burning before it, and Chinese flies, carefully nurtured all the day, they might bloom at the season of celestial standing at either side.

In front of these little shrines, friends were passing all day to make obeisance to the fess and to the master of the house, to leave a nine inch, red paper calling card, and to drink a cup of ceremonial rice brandy or tea. The Chinese women, who stay indoors all the rest of the year, were out in their New Year finery. So were the children. Little golden skinned bundles of silk and jade, they were the delight of the white women visitors who dropped into Chinatown slumming.

Chinese fashions for men and women are as fixed as the stars; but for the children they vary each year, especially in the item of baby caps. The baby cap of 1905 is of pink or blue satin, fitting close to the head. Above each ear is a knot of ribbon from which hang tassels of silk cord, and above the forehead are half a dozen pompoms of varied colors. The rest of the baby's costume is a long, mandarin coat, much like his father's, of bright but soft Chinese color. The edges have elaborate borderings.

One little Chinese girl with a skin like a tea rose and wearing a jacket and trousers of soft green got lost at West Street and the Bowery early in the afternoon. A crowd of tourists and Italian women surrounded her at once. The Italians insisted on feeding her pink pomps on her cap, and the American women picked her up and kissed her. She had been trying not to cry up to that point, but at this she broke down and wept. A crowd of long robed Chinamen swept down and rescued her with considerable roughness.

All the tongues kept open house. Before the sunrise were big plates of sweetmeats, cakes, preserved peas, bottles of rice, brandy and boxes of cigars. Every visitor had to have a drink of brandy and a cigar, and hundreds of tongues were passed out to little white boys who crowded round the doors.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The last snowstorm has served to emphasize the decrease of sleighing as a diversion in New York. Carriages, automobiles and other vehicles have greatly increased in number and more money is spent on them every year. But never were fewer sleighs seen in the streets than in the last few weeks.

There are several explanations as to this decline in the popularity of the sleigh in the city. One is that so many wealthy New Yorkers have homes near the city that they prefer to keep their sleighs in the country. Another attribute to the greater efficiency of the Street Cleaning Department the unwillingness of many to invest in sleighs and their expensive adjuncts.

Samuel Untermyer, who is conducting the Munroe examinations in behalf of the creditors of that concern, never fails to appear with a carnation in his buttonhole. Abe Gruber, who appears for one of the witnesses, has spoken anxiously to Mr. Untermyer about his flowers more than once, but hasn't taken up the fashion. Frank Crocker, attorney for Mr. Munroe, didn't say a word, but one day he came into court with a carnation in each lapel. Mr. Untermyer glanced at the carnations and said nothing, but he seemed severe with the next witness.

Two thousand women were struggling to get into a West Side theatre to see a matinee idol. The nightly bread line on Broadway is tiny in comparison with the line that struggled to get tickets. Three policemen struggled in vain to keep order, and the theatre lobby was packed to suffocation. A portly woman forced her way through the crowd and finally managed to squeeze into position just in front of the box office. The woman in front of her began to make unpleasant remarks, but she simply tilted her head higher.

Have you a single seat near the middle of the orchestra? she asked the box office man.

The house was nearly sold out, but he began to hunt for the desired ticket. He looked through half a dozen packets and the murmur of protest at the delay swelled to a loud chorus. The woman only smiled. Then the box office man found the ticket and drew it forth.

"The very last one," he said, laying it on the window ledge.

"Oh, I didn't want it," replied the woman, graciously, "but I have a friend coming after a while. Just keep it for her."

Then she walked away in triumph.

Mr. Jerome has found a new use for his mechanical talent. He spent last Sunday in town, and most of his afternoon was occupied in transforming a faro dealing box, which had been taken in a gambling raid, into a picture frame.

"I've got to find something to do when I stay in town over Sunday," said the District Attorney as he put pictures of a little girl in the new frame and fastened it to the wall. "Besides, some good use ought to be made of this gambling stuff."

An old studio building on the West Side, built many years ago, has the next best thing; to having a telephone service in each apartment.

Instead of tenants being obliged to go down to the ground floor to answer calls, the telephone is brought up to them in the elevator. This is done simply by fixing the regular telephone instrument to the wall of the car and having enough wire to spare to allow the elevator to move up and down with it.

The elevator boy answers the calls and simply moves his elevator to the floor where the person desired is waiting. The tenants in the building have got used to it and seem to have no trouble in carrying on conversations while the elevator goes up and down on its business.

Between talking people up and down and answering telephone calls this elevator is one of the busiest in town, and the elevator boy fully earns his pay.

One result of the cold snap is a scarcity of lobsters, those that came from the sea. It's almost impossible to gather them from the hatcheries while the bays are blocked with ice and consequently there is mourning along the Great White Lane.

NEW MUSIC HALLOPENSTONIGHT

The Colonial the First Built on Broadway Above Fifty-ninth Street.

The new Colonial Music Hall, the first theatre built on Broadway north of Fifty-ninth street, is to be opened to-night. With the opening its owners, Thompson & Dundy, famous as the builders and managers of Luna Park at Coney Island, expect Manhattan as providers of popular amusements. They are to amuse on quite a large scale, for their other enterprise, the Hippodrome, will soon be ready for opening.

To-night's programme includes a one act musical comedy called "The Athletic Girl," with Junie McCree and Edie Fay in it, a British ballet and pantomime, "The Duel in the Snow," and a general variety bill.

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"GLI UGONOTTI" PERFORMED.

MEYERBEER HAS A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.

Caruso Sings Raul in Italian, and So Every One Else Sings in Italian, Too—Mme. Sembrich's Triumph of Vocal Art—Mme. Nordica Enthusiastic as Valentine.

Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" was given under Maurice Grau's direction at the Metropolitan Opera House in January, 1903. It was called "Les Huguenots" advisedly then, for it was sung in French. Last night it was given for the first time under Mr. Conried's management, and it ought to have been called "Gli Ugonotti," for the Italian text was used for the first time in several years.

The last Raul previous to last night's was Mr. Alvarez, and his chosen language was French. Jean de Reszke was his predecessor, and he also preferred French. But on this occasion Mr. Caruso sang Raul for the first time in his career, and he had declined the task of learning the role in a foreign tongue. So Italian it had to be.

It usually does not make much difference whether it is "Les Huguenots" or "Gli Ugonotti." The only thing that signifies is "Die Ugonotten," and then it is indeed hard. But even that used to be tolerated in the palm days of Herr Perotti and Frau Schröder-Hanström. Certainly the Italian language did not sound at all distressing last night, for who cares what the person ages of this opera say as long as they sing their high notes and their low notes and make cadenzas unto their own glory?

"The Huguenots"—let's say it in English, and drop all linguistic nonsense—is purely a singer's opera. There are seven principals in the cast, and each has opportunities to perform feats of song. That is why it is such a desirable work to the operatic bargain hunter. To hear seven of them at one price is the real thing, and when it is simply the price of an admission ticket it is more than real.

The Department of Health has not yet interfered with Mr. Conried's admission of standers, for they were lined up behind the orchestra rail last night till they touched the wall at the back. They had the time of their lives, too, and applauded every *four de force* with all their might.

It is not surprising that the interpretation of "The Huguenots" has one great episode, the duel between Valentine and Raul in the fourth act. The opera is almost worth while as a preparation for this really splendid scene. When voices such as those of Nordica and Caruso are heard in it, there is every reason for enthusiasm.

Mr. Caruso is not yet at home in the rôle of Raul. He sang it with great care and in the early scenes with confidence of tone. There can never be any great quarrel with this singer when he moderates the power of his voice. The organ is one of uncommon carrying power and its quality is most beautiful when its resources are not taxed. Of course the great duet requires plenty of tone and Mr. Caruso was equal to the demand.

But not a little of his singing was tentative and apparently experimental, as if he had not acquired his rôle as yet. His acting has very little distinction and of it appeared to be without clearly defined purpose. But it is safe to say that many uncertainties will disappear before the next performance.

Mme. Nordica was a beautiful picture when she made her entrance as Valentine. She was dressed in a gown of white and pink, and she carried a bouquet of white and pink flowers. She was very charming, and her singing was very good. She was very charming, and her singing was very good.

Mme. Sembrich, as Margherita di Valois, gave such an exhibition of vocal skill as even she seldom bests in the part. She was very charming, and her singing was very good. She was very charming, and her singing was very good.

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JOHN DOING THE MANAGERS

District Attorney's Office Wants to Hear From Sam Shubert About Metcalfe.

Edward G. Gilmore of the Academy of Music and Channing Pollock, chief press agent for the Shubert brothers, were examined by Deputy Assistant District Attorney Krotel yesterday in the John Doe proceedings brought by James S. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of *Life*, who alleges that members of the Theatrical Managers' Association have entered into a conspiracy to bar him from forty-seven theatres controlled by them.

A subpoena was issued for Sam Shubert, but he is in Baltimore. From the witnesses examined Mr. Krotel got some additional information about what happened at the managers' meeting when it was decided to bar Metcalfe from the theatres.

News of Plays and Players.

Henry B. Harris, manager of the Hudson Theatre, who has been seriously ill with malarial fever, has gone to Bermuda.

Edward Terry announces that he will resume his performance of "Bardell vs. Pickwick" at the Princess after to-night, and that the little Dickens play will be acted as an afterpiece to "Love in Idleness."

Marie Cahill of the Fields company wants a new song and says that she wants it bad enough to offer a bonus of \$500 for it. The song must be catchy and on the style of "Under the Bamboo Tree."



Poor Russia!

At home, a weak Czar buttressed by a corrupt aristocracy, awakes to find his people on the brink of revolution. In the Far East his great stronghold has fallen, his ships have been destroyed, his armies meet defeat after defeat.

What will be the Outcome?

Will it be assassination or massacre or peace and a constitutional monarchy? The whole world waits the answer.

The National Weekly on this, as on all great questions of the day, has an authoritative word to say. Collier's correspondents, as usual, are on the spot. Collier's cameras were at work in the streets of St. Petersburg when the troops shot down Father Gopon's unarmed followers.

Photographs of Almost Prophetic Interest

Are published in the current number of Collier's. They were taken a few months ago for The National Weekly by Victor Bulla, and show the Czar surrounded by the officers of the Ismailovsky regiment, the very one that did the shooting, Father Gopon himself and the officials responsible for the crisis.

Andrew D. White

Formerly Minister to Russia and Ambassador to Germany, contributes to next week's issue a paper of unusual authority on the situation and prospect in Russia.

Collier's The National Weekly

Fills the gap between the great daily and the great monthly. It has timeliness without inaccuracy and combines the mechanical excellence of the magazine with the vital interest of the newspaper.

Over half a million copies sold weekly.

On sale at all news stands. 10 cents the copy.

WENT BOATING IN PAJAMAS.

Revenue Cutter Officers in Breezy Arras Save Man From East River.

Quartermaster Fern of the revenue cutter Gresham, moored alongside the recreation pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth street, was aroused from sleep at 4 o'clock yesterday morning by lusty cries for help from the direction of Williamsburg. He turned out on deck in his pajamas and saw a struggling man in the water. The quartermaster routed out First

Loved by All who appreciate real luxuries.

Londonderry LITHIA WATER

appeals to the fastidious because of its delightful flavor and sparkling purity.

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE Theatre, 40th St. & B'way. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **MAUDE ADAMS** Minister. Next Monday—Seats Selling. **Mrs. Adams** in Two Plays—'OP' O' ME TUBB' and 'THE LITTLE MINISTER'.

HUDSON Theatre, 40th St. & B'way. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **ROBERT EDESON** Strongheart. **CHARLES FROHMAN** **FRIQUET**.

HERALD Sq. Theatre, 38th St. & B'way. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **BLANCHE WALSH** in 'The Girl in the Green Velvet'.

CRITERION Theatre, 40th St. & B'way. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **FRANCIS WILSON** Cousin Billy.

GARRICK Theatre, 40th St. & B'way. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **ARNOLD DALY** in 'The Girl in the Green Velvet'.

KNICKERBOCKER Broadway & 38th St. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **E. S. WILLARD** Lucky Durham.

LYCEUM B'way & 43rd St. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS** 'It's a Man with the Spirit of Frolic'—Phone.

DALY'S B'way & 38th St. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **GEORGE EDWARDS** London Comedy. The **Duchess of Dantzic**.

NEW AMSTERDAM B'way & 43rd St. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **LIBERTY** 42nd St. & B'way. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **Mme. Rejane**.

YORK B'way & 43rd St. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. **ADA REHAN** in 'The Girl in the Green Velvet'.

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AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN Opera House. Under the direction of Mr. Heppner. This afternoon at 2—ROMEO ET JULIETTE. Pantomime. Extra Matinee Monday, Feb. 13. Pantomime. Journal, Bars, Parvis, Mullman, Regis.

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